

PARANORMAL VOICES OPPRESSION

(VOL. 2)

(POEMS)

-by B. Edwards

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1.

I made it out of work

On time today

Not late for once

I came home

And tried to rest

For a bit

But the voices were there

As is pretty much

Always the case

This time

They started talking about

Extraterrestrials

Being in control

Of this planet

Just in thought

I asked them

“from another planet?”

“from another dimension”

Was their reply

And I couldn't

Get any rest

But I wasn't

Really bothered

I mean.....

I expected no less

I knew that

They would be

Talking about something

Last week

They were telling me

How they were

Psychiatric patients

Back in the 1980's

So yes.....

They claim

To be different things

They do this

Quite often

Sometimes.....

It's a new identity

Everyday

And usually

I try not to pay

Any attention

Because I've heard

This kind of thing

From them

So many times before

And here I am now

Sitting in my living room

I don't hear

The voices right now

And this is marvelous

Something resembling

Complete silence

I'll savor it

While it last

2.

It's too quiet

Right now

But I know

These spirit attachments

Are here

It's too quiet

And I just know

That at any moment

The battlefield

Is going

To light up

They'll hit me

With the artillery

Of nonsensical

Things they say

And they probably won't

Appreciate this poem

But that's okay

I'll take advantage

Of this calm

As I know

Soon the night

Will become a fight

With these principalities

Of the air

3.

The voices intruders
Are trying
To break through now

Break into
The calm
Serene
Bubble
Of my vibe

They want to spew
Their bat shit melodrama
Been this way
For a few years

It's been this way
Since my paranormal research
Bolted off
In the wrong direction

And my vibe
Got hypnotized
And lobotomized
By demon lies

4.

“we want you to be a normal person”

I hear the voices say

Then why don't they

Stop talking

Into my ears all day

Why don't they

Just get far way

I guess some solutions

Just make

Too much sense

And these voices

Have never

Made much sense

But here am I

And I hear them

Saying my name now

But this isn't

A situation

Where that kind of thing

Grabs your attention

It's more like

Duck and head for cover

Within my own mind

5.

This time

Three years ago

The spiritual.....

Voices bombardment

Was much stronger

Than it is now

What has changed?

For one thing

Whatever I hear

From them

I don't believe them

It is all suspect

Most always a ploy

A mind game

Not even so extraordinaire anymore

They just tend

To rain down

The lies

That's all I can say

Call this an observation

Call it a decree

Of that I've experienced

Could they be throwing

A little truth

In there sometimes?

Sure

Perhaps

Certainly possible

But is there some

Nefarious angle to it?

Just remember

They talk and talk

Without end

Day and night

Always.....

They're going with the talk

Talking

Like they're audio howitzers

Talking

Like they were

Catapults

Of even more talk

Talking

Like pineapple grenades

Of talk

Talking

Like deranged bandits

That also talk

To themselves

They talk

Like fire ships

They talk

Like windmills blitzed

They talk

Like Trojan legions

Released from the pages

Their talk

Is an assault

Towards.....

The serene mind

All their talk

Is a real reflection

Of who is talking

6.

Paranormal communication

Can lead to

The voices invasion

Voices armies

Gangs

Squadrons

Fleets

Over the horizon

They'll be coming

The paranormal voices

That you don't

Want to meet

You'll record

For EVP

And the next week

You'll hear voices

That shake

The very ground

I would not mention

These things

If I had not seen

Numerous accounts

Identical

And here they go now

The paranormal voices

That I wish

I did not meet

They told me

Their names once

But then they changed them

A few weeks later

Use a spirit box

And you could

.....you could

End up hearing

Those voices

All the time

Or start feeling

The weird.....

Vibration sensations

And certainly feel

Intruded upon

And when

Will the world listen

If it's something

Not nice

Some just don't

Want to hear

And coming through

Over the noise

I can hear

The voices now

And sure

Some have a label for it

Labels they find

In some book

Books that make us

Feel secure

But the hidden nature

Of the Universe

Is not as simple as a book

And they're talking now

Asking me

What the hell I'm doing

7.

The voices right now

Are mild

That is to say

Present.....

But only moderately

A disturbance

On some nights

They seem

To fill the room

They use voices

As their weapon

They use voices

As their claws

Their fangs

Their madness

They can climb

Out of radio devices

They can jump

Out of voice recorders

They can appear

As orbs

In a dark room

And what I've heard

Today

Is as mad

As any other day

And the moon

Will not appear

Tonight

And the stars

Are blocked out

And the voices

Go about

Like tyrants

That nobody believes in
